VOL II NUMBER 12

KNAVE

75p

EXCLUSIVE:
THE KNAVE INTERVIEW WITH MANDY RICE-DAVIES.

THE IDEAL FEMALE LAIR:
WILL SHE WANT TO SEE YOUR ETCHINGS?

SEX ON THE THUMB:
HOOKERS ON THE HIGHWAY OR ARE THEY?

"THE TUPPENNY UPRIGHT"
SEX IN THE BLACKOUT.

MORE
EROTIC CONFESSIONS

PLUS: 40 PAGES
OF GIRLS IN FULL COLOUR.

It's difficult to believe how someone with such a steely temperament like Brett consents without a murmur to this kind of tacky bedroom scene. It's hardly showbiz.

Brett

Let's elaborate on that a little. Brett and the crew have stumbled into an abandoned Japanese restaurant. There's no saki behind the bar (but plenty of cobwebs). Somebody starts giggling.

Brett picks up an old soggy menu from the floor. Lights are set up around her. She is hardly aware of anything. The secret of her success lies perhaps in her special kinship with ice. (She'll burn your fingers on the outside but just wait till you place a couple of cubes of her inside a dry martini). Or the other way around.

Now Brett's already been slipped a few warm numbers by some philanthropist in the crew. In fact, she's only semi-conscious. *Do what you want* is written all over her body in splendid italics. Zoom in. (Now's the time, of course). Her cunt is gleaming in cat's eye style. Install yourself there.

Are you ready for this? Fleur is on her way. She is wearing the sort of underwear liable to cause a breach of the peace. Otherwise, she looks like a possible French can-can fugitive, evading the bestial enthusiasm of some choreographer.

Fleur

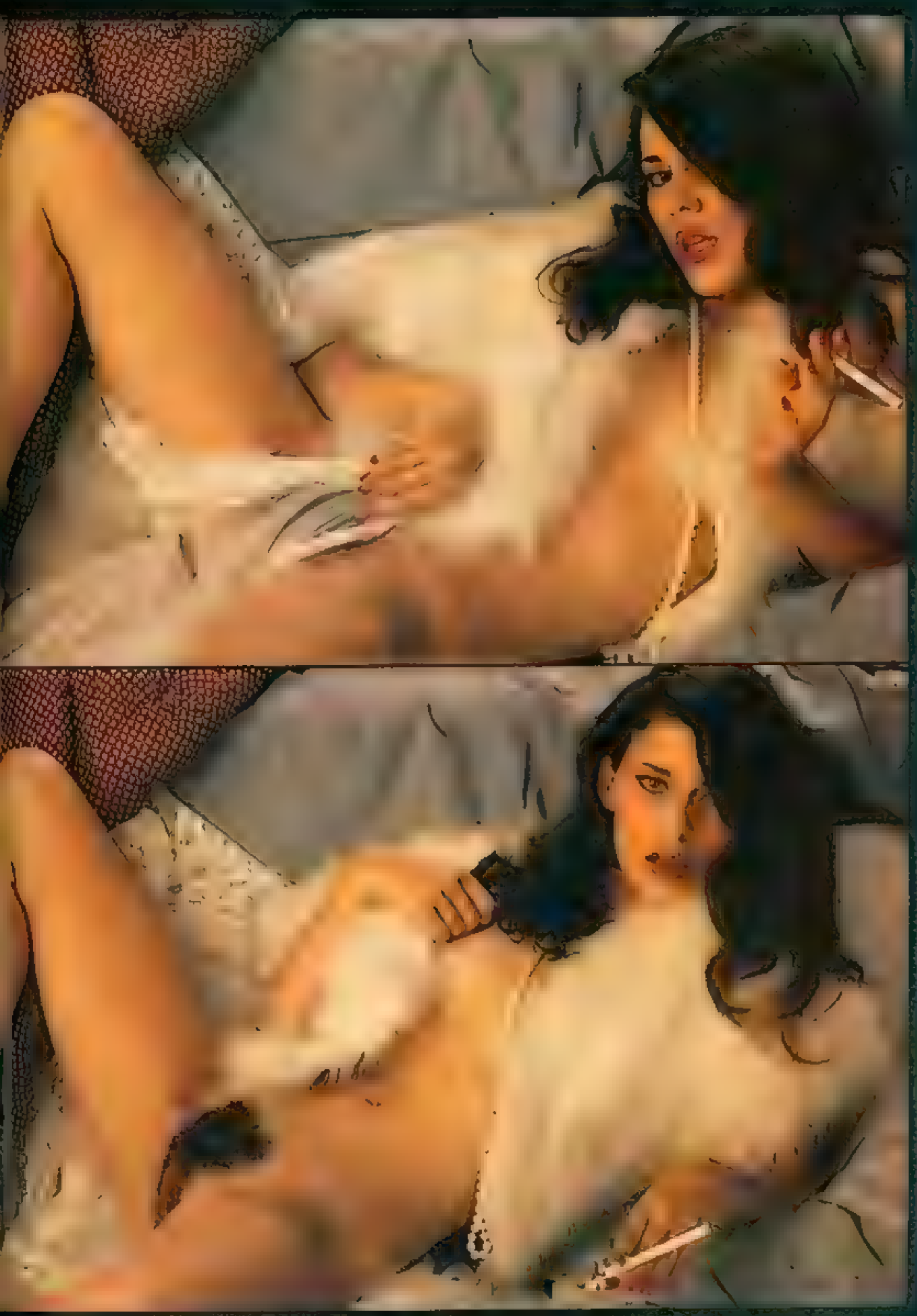
She's here. Fleur has arrived. She—um—dispenses with all that shit about whether I prefer *The Enigma Variations* to Danny the Lad on glockenspiel, coffee with or without, etc. Her body collides with mine. Impact. Deep heat. A butter mountain two centimetres from the sun.

All kinds of organs are instantly operative, you might say. Fleur is using her teeth on my earlobes, whispering obscene details into the drum. Her thighs open as easily as her umbrella. I am very preoccupied with her juices. (Fleur's vaginal musk is a high-octane nasal fantasy).

Fleur makes love to me again and again until I am ready for pulping. She is a gymnast when it comes to anything remotely sexual. However, when I open my eyes, things are back to normal. I am lying in bed (an amorous stupor) clutching a pillow and a very cold piece of toast. A mouthful of ghosts. But worth it.

Francine

Ah, now Francine's my secretary, my high-speed dogsbody with these kittenish tits and one hell of a sex drive. No, I'm lying. Sorry. I saw her for the first time this morning when her pictures arrived on my desk. Another swift little fantasy ensued. I peeled off her mink in the elevator. Her lips parted . . . etc. It's all a crazy game. But I'm hooked.



Gretchen

Photographed by B. B. Kane

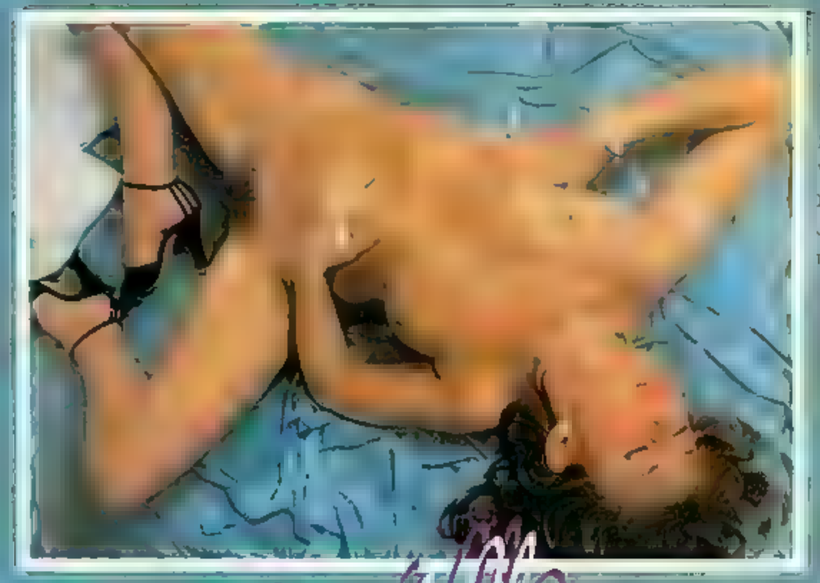
When I return, she has
down to the essentials, *very*
nice, very nice), and I just
ot summon the courage to

I've settled in Crete
because of a
Goth violations I receive
when she breezes in like

Penelope

Penelope is a greedy girl by all accounts. She is fond of slow fucking, no time for the premature, and will talk all the way up to an orgasm

The difference between mediocrity and excellence can sometimes be measured on the 'Peter meter'. But just because she digs fur doesn't mean she's crazy about bear-hugs. It's probably a good idea to keep your erection hidden under a towel



Wilda

Surely no man would turn down the chance to change places with that lucky pillow. And how could he ignore the hidden promise of that purple delight?

"I really enjoy wearing sexy little pieces like this", purrs Willa. "It's worth it just to see the look on a man's face when he sets eyes on them for the first time. He doesn't usually waste much time in taking them off, though!" And once they've been eased off, just imagine yourself drifting into ecstasy on those silky sheets.